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Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

MAINE FARMER.

NEW ENGLAND VS. WEST INDIES.

Many of our readers are apt to think that the climate of North New England is pretty cold and severe, and that a Southern position, like that of the West Indies, must of necessity, be the very seat of temporal happiness, because the climate is warm, and fruits and flowers are constantly on hand. Those who have been there do not report such a state of bliss as some would feign consider it.

We have been much interested with some letters, or "numbers," that have appeared in the *Nashua Gazette*, by Charles J. Fox, entitled "Sketches of West Indies." In his third number he speaks of matters and things in Santa Cruz, and among other things he notices the fruits, and compares them with those of New England. After naming over the many varieties which grow there, he goes on to say: "Do you envy the Santa Cruzians? I do not. I prefer the flavor and decided character of our own fruits. They call them sour—but theirs are generally insipid, and often sickish. We are compelled to learn to like them, as many here learn to like musk melons. An exchange would be a loss to us. The poor creatures have neither apple, pear, peach, plum, cherry, nor currants—neither strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, blueberry, or whortleberry! Think of their deprivation, and rejoice at your own better fortune.—The few weeks of poverty are worth more than the whole year of their abundance."

Speaking of the garden of Dr. Stevens, who had gathered together all the choice fruits of different parts of the globe, he says: "He was trying hard to cultivate the apple and the pear, but the latter did not succeed. The former (the apple) grew about six feet high and as large round as one's thumb, by being supported. It was then bearing two genuine apples, one of them full grown, as large as a walnut, and the other, half as large. The doctor was delighted, of course, with his success, as every enthusiast ought to be, but it takes our winters to raise our apples. Now what think you of that? Speaking of the luxuriance with which the tropical plants and trees grow, he observes, that warmth, which exerts so favorable an effect on vegetable life, acts very differently upon animals. Leanness, a thin covering, and inactivity, are characteristics. The larger animals are a curiosity to a stranger. I wish, said he, I were an artist, so that I could present them bodily, for their like is hardly found in Natural History."

Woolless sheep, with here and there a straggling bunch of hair, looking like consumptive goats; hogs, sharp-nosed, slab-sided and long-legged, with immense curly tails—long-necked hens, without tails, and set up on legs like stilts—weak cur dogs, which must have been descendants of him who had to lean against a post to bark—these and similar specimens greeted our eyes everywhere. It seemed that he disliked their habits as much as he did their appearance. The cocks crow, and the dogs bark, all night—white Guinea hens and cats lend an occasional screech to keep up and swell the harmony.

Such are some of the results and products of the sunny climate in the West Indies. We think we should prefer a little colder spot than the one that we now inhabit, to one so fervid as that; especially when the extra size and number of musk-queets, cockroaches, and scorpions, are taken into view.

A GOOD FARM.

In the month of August last we visited a farm in the County of Somerset, which has been under cultivation between forty and fifty years.—The soil, originally, was no better, if as good, as that of many other farms in the vicinity. But what rendered this farm more worthy of notice, was, that in its management from the first, its late owner and its present owners had avoided a few palpable errors which their neighbors generally had fallen into. The growing crops all appeared well. The farm was nearly or quite as fertile as ever it was, and that was nearly fertile enough for most kinds of field crops.

1. This farm was in the vicinity of extensive lumbering operations, and there are no large villages near it, where manure can be bought. Hay is generally in good demand, and has often borne an extravagant price. The neighbors of our farmer would sell all they could spare, sometimes stunting their cattle, or running the risk of being obliged to purchase again in the spring at a still greater price. The temptation was often strong for him, but considering the circumstances, he always resisted; he could not afford to sell his hay at any price. This would be starving his farm to death. He chose rather to sell stock, grain and provisions, and keep his farm in good condition. With this management, he has on the whole found it much easier getting a living from his farm, and even laying up a dollar occasionally, than those farmers about him who have pursued a different policy.

2. The proprietors of this farm have always been careful to procure clean seed, and they have no fields overrun with weeds. If a weed happens to appear it is at once pulled up, root and branch. The most troublesome weeds which the farmers have to contend with are not natives of this State; or if natives, they are not very plenty in land which has not been brought under cultivation. By persevering in this judicious course they have succeeded better than one might suppose, in keeping their land clear of weeds. In passing through a fine field of corn which then (August 11,) appeared as well as any we had



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seen for the season, we do not recollect of seeing a single weed of any kind, although we were looking carefully for them, and it was only by the side of the road in the edge of a field of wheat that we saw a stalk of barn grass.

Are we not right in calling this a good farm?—a farm which has been cultivated forty years and has not been exhausted? a farm which is free from troublesome weeds? It has other advantages, but we consider these as worthy of note and commendation. Such farms as this are altogether too scarce. The same care and attention would probably have preserved other farms about us in the same favorable condition. It is in most cases a slow, difficult or expensive business to render an exhausted farm fertile. Let those who have farms which are not exhausted think of this. It is also a difficult business to rid the soil of an innumerable multitude of weeds which for years have been suffered to grow and increase, when perhaps the few weeds from which they sprung might in the outset have been very easily destroyed.

MR. QUINCY'S ADDRESS.

We invite a perusal of the following address delivered at the annual exhibition of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society at Utica, in September last, by Hon. JOSIAH QUINCY, Jr. It truly speaks "in thoughts that breathe and words that burn;" and we feel confident that no one will rise from its perusal without being made "wiser and better." We esteem it a *New Year's Gift* of great value, and which, unlike many new-year books, may be profitably read at all seasons of the year. [Albany Cultivator.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the N. Y. Agricultural Society:

If there were any spot that would of itself inspire a man with eloquence on the subject of agriculture, it is the one we now occupy. We stand in the center of the agricultural district of the great State of the Union. In full view the lovely valley of the Mohawk, famous in history and celebrated in song, stretches away to the distance. Before us, by thousands and tens of thousands, stand the men who have felled its forests and caused it to blossom like the rose. Around us are the proofs of the skill and intelligence that have characterized their labors. Beneath us is the soil from whose maternal bosom we draw our subsistence. Above us is the canopy of Heaven that stretches equally over all.

We stand in the great temple dedicated to agriculture—a temple, at the raising of whose columns the "morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy"—a temple, not made with hands, eternal as the Heavens.

But, alas! Mr. President, the age of inspiration is passed, and I never felt a stronger desire to ask the kind consideration of an audience, than when, under rather unusual circumstances, I now rise to address you. The exhibitions of agricultural skill and agricultural success, which we have witnessed on this occasion, have impressed the truth most deeply upon my mind that it was hardly worth while for the New York State Agricultural Society to send all the way to Boston, to get me to instruct the New York farmers in the management of their farms. If I indulged any hopes that the agricultural knowledge conveyed in this address would cause two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before, those hopes are dissipated. And to prevent any disappointment, I would assure the audience, that as to flocks and dairies, the raising of cattle and the cultivation of corn, they must go on in the old fashioned way for anything I have to say to the contrary. But there are other subjects of interest connected with agriculture, and no one can look around upon this assembly without feeling that the Farmer is of more importance than his farm; and the results of the occupation on his character, than any of its more material products.

The relative position of the American farmer possesses a deep interest to individuals and the community. To individuals, as it may decide the wavering as to the course they should pursue, or render them contented with the one they have adopted; to the public, for everything that tends to elevate the agricultural class, is of the first importance to the state.

What then is the position of the American farmer when compared with that of the merchant, the politician, the lawyer? Should he be content with his lot for himself and his children? Or should he leave his occupation and adopt some other? Like every other position, that of the farmer has its dark side as well as its bright one. And to decide on its comparative advantages, we must inquire what is the object of man's existence, and how shall he attain the end of his being?

To these questions, history and revelation, the world around and the spirit within us, answer, that the object of man's existence is happiness. Happiness here, and happiness forever. And the condition of that happiness is the diligent and proper exercise of his affections and his faculties. If this be the case, does the situation of an American farmer offer a fair opportunity of insuring this happiness?

To be happy is the object of life, and all that the world can give towards it, is health and competence. "Health of body is above all riches, and a strong body above infinite wealth." And where is health to be found? There is no need of an audible answer. Look around. Bright eyes and blooming cheeks, as well as strong arms and untiring strength, tell us that earth's first blessing is bestowed upon those who labor upon her bosom.

of his moral exposures, in the great majority of cases, health of body and serenity of mind. Follow such a one into the crowded streets, or the close workshop. His strength for a time sustains him, but confinement and bad air soon deprive him of his healthful energy, and disease and premature decay become too often his portion. But supposing health can be preserved, where is his serenity of mind?

The risks attendant on rapid accumulation are always in proportion to the chances of success. The farmer sows his seed, and has no doubt but that the harvest will repay him. But he who embarks in speculations that promise sudden and great wealth, knows that he may be "sowing the wind, to reap the whirlwind." And the constant fear of such a result, embitters his days and renders his nights restless. And if attained, success gives but little satisfaction. The higher the rise, the wider the horizon; the greater the accumulation, the more exorbitant the desire. And this is not the extent of the evil. A total want of independence is too often the result. Few men in our community have those resources that will enable them to carry on extensive operations on their own means. Almost all depend upon borrowing, and "the borrower is a servant unto the lender." But even if success should be the portion of the aspirant for riches, when is he to attain it? Does it come forward to meet him? Years of anxiety may be repaid by wealth; but how seldom is this the case. More than ninety in every hundred, even in regular mercantile pursuits, fail. There are but few capital prizes in this lottery. The name of the fortunate holder may be seen at every corner, but where are the ninety and nine who draw blanks? And if attained, how uncertain is its possession! Wealth "gotten by vanity," (by which, I suppose, Solomon meant speculation,) "shall be diminished, but he that gathereth by labor shall increase," is a doctrine as true now as when first delivered; and is one which the experience of every age tends to corroborate.

And after all, what is the advantage of great wealth, or, what is great wealth itself? It exists only in comparison. "A man is as well off," said the great capitalist of the United States, "who is worth half a million of dollars, as he would be if he were rich." And one of the satirical papers of the day tells us, that when Baron Rothschild, the Jewish banker, read that the income of Louis Philippe, was only fifty dollars a minute, his eyes filled with tears; for he was not aware of the existence of such destitution. After the comforts of life are supplied, wealth becomes merely an imaginary advantage, and its possession does not confer any material happiness, which an industrious and forward-looking farmer does not possess. "We will conquer all Italy," said Pyrrhus, to his prime minister, "and then we will pass into Asia; we will overrun her kingdoms, and then we will wage war upon Africa; and when we have conquered all, we will sit down and enjoy ourselves." "And why," replied his minister, "should we not sit down and enjoy ourselves without taking all this trouble?" And why may not you, it may be said to many an aspirant after wealth, enjoy in reality all you seek, in your present condition?

"Give me neither poverty nor riches," was the prayer of one of the sages of antiquity. And Lord Bacon, the wisest man of modern times, says, "seek not proud riches, but rather such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly." And can there be a truer description of a farmer's fortune? There is no greater independence than that possessed by a contented forward-looking farmer. "Tell your master," said a Roman general, to the ambassador of the king of Persia, who came to bribe him with great wealth, and found him washing the vegetables that were to constitute his dinner with his own hands, "tell your master that all the gold in Persia, can never bribe the man who can contentedly live upon turneps."

And the answer was as true in philosophy, as it was elevated in patriotism. To be happy, man must limit his desires. And when he has sufficient for his needs, should remember that the temptations and perplexities incident to overgrown wealth, more than counterbalance its seeming advantages. Health of body and competence of estate are all the requisites for organic happiness that the world can bestow. And to say that agricultural pursuits are eminently calculated to insure these, is only to reiterate the language of past ages, and to repeat the testimony of our own. If you leave such pursuits, the hazard increases as the profit augments. The amount of the premium is always proportioned to the greatness of the risk.

But health and the conveniences of life are not all that a man requires to make him happy. He desires to be useful, he wishes to be esteemed. And what profession can boast of a higher claim to utility than that of the farmer? The greater part of mankind must be agriculturists, and on their character the well-being of every state must depend. Our free institutions are valued, but how shall they be preserved? By the virtue of the people. History gives no other answer. No truth is more clearly emblazoned on her pages than that if a nation would be free, they must be intelligently virtuous. And here the agricultural class become of the first importance to the state. The influence of a virtuous yeomanry on her character, like that of the air on the individual, are seen in the strength of those who are unconscious of its presence.

But they have still a further power. If, "when the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice," they who by their numbers hold the gift of office, have an influence second to none in the republic.

The political influence of the agricultural class, is an important but a dangerous topic before an audience like the present, as particular applications may be made of general observations. To prevent such a consequence, I would illustrate my meaning by reference to the oldest political disquisition in existence, which is remarkable as showing the similarity of political aspirants in all ages; and which, as it was written two thousand years before the discovery of this continent, can hardly be supposed to re-

for either the advocates of Texas or the tariff. It is more than three thousand years since Jotham called to the men of Shechem, to listen to a parable: "The trees of the forest went out to choose a king over them; and they said unto the olive tree, 'reign thou over us.'" The answer shows who was meant by the olive. "Should I leave my fatness wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?" It was the answer of a religious and conscientious man, who feared that public station would not be favorable to the virtues which were the objects of his life.

"And the trees said to the fig tree, come thou and reign over us;" and the fig tree answered, should I forsake my sweetness and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?" Could a better personification have been found of a close, calculating man, who looked out for the main chance, and took special care of number one? It was his own sweetness and good fruit that influenced his decision. The emoluments of office such a one knew were small and precarious; and as for honors he would not give a fig for the whole of them.

"Then said the trees to the vine, come thou and reign over us." The vine was one of our popular fellows who can take hold of anything to help himself up; who is always on the fence, when nothing higher offers, and who, too pliant to stand alone, will run well if properly supported. But his vocation was "to cheer the hearts of gods and men," and as office-holding and popularity did not agree very well together, he declined the honor.

"Then said all the trees to the bramble, come thou and reign over us." There were two reasons why this call alone was unanimous. He had nothing particularly to do, and he kept himself perpetually before the public. He had nothing particularly to do, he had neither vine nor olive, nor beauty nor sweets to recommend him. He was a fit representative of a class who then existed. Nobody could tell what they were made for, and nobody could divine what they followed for a living. But yet the bramble was not one to be forgotten. He was always before the public. He planted himself by the wayside, and caught hold of everybody that passed; there was no getting along for the bramble; and it may be that they made him king, on the same principle that young ladies sometimes marry an importunate lover—to get rid of him. And how did the bramble receive his nomination? Did he distrust his powers or decline the office? Oh no! He was up for everything, and up to anything. He could not boast much of himself, so he strove to magnify his office. "And the bramble said, if, in truth, ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; if not, then let a fire come out of the bramble and devour the cedars of Lebanon."

Such was the opinion of Jotham, three thousand years ago, on the probable feelings and conduct of rulers who were placed in authority without the requisites for office. He believed that a fire would go out of the bramble to destroy the noblest and most elevated in the land. By the bramble he meant Abimelech, who was elected king of Shechem, because his mother was a native of the city. His course was as Jotham had foretold; a fire did go out of the bramble. He slew three score and ten men of his brethren on one stone. And as for Shechem, he took occasion of their revolt, and put every man, woman and child to the sword, burned the city with fire, sowed it with salt, and left a warning to future ages, of the danger of putting, through folly or affection, improper men into office.

If now, as formerly, the prosperity of the state is so intimately connected with the character of the rulers, how great is the power, and how evident the duty of a class of men, who removed from the immediate struggle, hold, by their numbers, the gift of office. If they are faithful, our republic will have a stability that no one before it has possessed. If, doubting their importance, they neglect the trust committed to them, they may learn, too late, that they have sold their country's birthright; and when they would recall the blessing of their fathers, they may find there is no place for repentance, though they seek it diligently and with tears.

But perhaps it will be said that the agricultural class, though collectively powerful, are individually of small comparative importance. To say that they may be likened to the ocean that supports a nation's navy and tosses it from its bosom, with as much ease as it wafts a feather. Still the individual is but a drop, resembling others so nearly as to attract neither notice nor admiration. But this is not peculiar to this class. It applies equally to all. Few, from the very definition, can be distinguished.

But of all the professions, it appears to me that the farmers are the last who ought to complain that, as a class, they do not receive a full proportion of the honors of the republic. Our chief magistrates have differed in many points, but they have generally agreed in this; that before, and in many cases after the election, they have been farmers. There was the farmer of Mount-Vernon, and the farmer of Monticello; the farmer of the North-Bend, and the farmer of the Hermitage; the farmer of Tennessee and the farmer of Ashland; the farmer of Lindenwald and the farmer of Marshallfield. So that it will be urged, that though all the farmers cannot be presidents, all the presidents must be farmers.

But besides this there are in agricultural life great opportunities of individual usefulness. The effects of example and precept extend farther than we can imagine. When you throw wheat into the ground, you know what will be the product; but when you exemplify or inculcate a moral truth, eternity alone can develop the extent of the blessing.

About a hundred years ago there lived in Boston a tallow-chandler. He was too ignorant to give and too poor to pay for his children's instruction, but he was a wise and an honest man, and there was one book, upon whose precepts he relied, as being able to instruct his children how to live prosperously in this world, as well as to prepare them for another. We are told that he daily repeated to them this proverb:

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings." In process of time this tallow-chandler died and was forgotten. But the good seed had fallen upon good ground. One of his little boys obeyed his father's instruction; he was diligent in his business, and he did stand before kings, the first representative of his native land! He lived as a philosopher, to snatch the lightning from heaven; as a statesman, to wrest the sceptre from tyrants. And when he died, he confessed that it was the moral teachings of his father, added to the little learning he picked up in a town school at Boston, to which he owed his success, his happiness and his reputation. He did what he could to testify how sensible he was of these obligations. He bequeathed liberally to his native city, the means of inducing the young to improve their advantages, and to enable the industrious to succeed in their callings. And he erected a monument over his father to tell his virtues to another age. But the glory of the father was in the child. His son's character was his noblest monument. The examples that son set, of industry, perseverance and economy, have excited and are exciting many to imitate them. And thousands, yet unborn, may owe their success and happiness to the manner in which a text was enforced, by a poor tallow-chandler, upon Benjamin Franklin.

But, being useful and profitable to others, is not the only advantage of a farmer's life. He who is wise may be profitable to himself. In the most busy agricultural life, there are hours that can be devoted to intellectual improvement. And I confess, in my ideal of the American farmer, much more is included than the regular, systematic performance of the routine of plowing and sowing, reaping and gathering into barns.

I cannot satisfy my imagination with the hard working man, who, after toiling through the day, has no thought at his close, but to satisfy his animal nature and to sleep. No, the man who cannot find time for the cultivation of his intellect, is in a wrong position; and does not improve as he might the situation in which he is placed. This it is, that spiritualizes his labor and raises him above the brute that labors for him. I do not expect him to be learned on subjects for which he has no occasion; but if he knows the priceless boon of health, let him know something of that most wonderful instrument, his own body,—that if that "harp of thousand strings," should fail, he may with some intelligence repair the evil. Let him know something of the physiology of the vegetable world; and every blade of grass and ear of corn will speak to him of the benevolence and skill of the Great Contriver. Let him not enjoy the sunshine without some knowledge of the laws of light, or see his field drinking in the dew, without understanding its adaptation to the purposes of nutrition. It is in the power of every man to reserve some portion of his time for these pursuits; and he will find that every addition to his stock of knowledge will make his walks the pleasanter, the flowers the sweeter, and every thing more full of interest and meaning.

But there is something superior to intellectual pleasure; and can a sphere be better adapted to a progress in the moral qualities than the one he occupies? Every situation must be a scene of trial. Yet different states have different temptations. The difficulty of entering the narrow path, is not, in every case, likened to the passing of a camel through a needle's eye. Agricultural life has few temptations—no risks are run in its pursuit—no deception is used in its progress—no concealment is required for its success—it is open, manly, straightforward. It depends on no one's favor; it rests on no one's promise, excepting His, who has said, that "while the world endureth, seed time and harvest, summer and winter, shall not cease." And while free from temptation, such a life gives ample scope for the exercise of all those duties that elevate man, while benefiting his race. It is not required of many men in a generation to do some great thing for themselves or for their country. It is the little every day duties and habits that mark the character. It was not in the shouts of multitudes, that the old patriarchal farmer delighted. But it was "when the eye saw him, then it blessed him; and when the ear heard him, then it bore witness of him." The opportunities of exercising the elevated virtues are ever present to the independent farmer. Like the patriarchs of old he stands at the head of his family. Like them, he should rule his household after him,—instructing, consoling, supporting.

And there are others dependent upon him, who owe their comfort and well-being to his care; and whose dependence may be the means of awakening sentiments, that even religion has not overlooked. When the great lawgiver of the Jews led them from the house of bondage, and by divine command established them as an agricultural people, his laws recognized the advantages of such a life for the formation of character. To remember and love the Giver, and rejoice before Him, in the spring-time and in the harvest, on the anniversary of their deliverance and on festival days, was the first and great commandment, and the second was like unto it. Love and kindness to the neighbor, to the stranger, to the widow, to the fatherless, were enjoined as congenial duties. But the directions stopped not here. The brute creation of every kind shared in his remembrance. The Sabbath was to be observed, "that thy ox and thy ass may rest." And when the harvest was gathered in, the mute and patient laborer was not to be forgotten: he should share the grain for which he had toiled, and the command, "thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn," secured to him at least a portion.

But freedom from temptations, and opportunities of exercising the virtues, are not the only facilities that an agricultural life offers for the formation of an elevated character. The scenes that surround it, the unceasing regularity of cold and heat, summer and winter, seedtime and harvest, cannot but lead the observing mind to their Author. In no crowded workshop his time is spent. The broad fields and the high mountains, and the running streams, diffuse health and cheerfulness around. No smoky hump sheds a

doubtful glimmer over his task; the glorious sun sends his rays for millions of miles to warm and enlighten, and gladden his path. The religious sentiment is nowhere so naturally developed as among rural scenery. How great is the charm that agricultural allusions throw over sacred poetry! It was a youth spent in rural scenes, that enabled the sweet singer of Israel to touch a chord, responsive to every human heart.

The voice of the son of Jesse is always sweet, but how different its tones from the various situations of his eventful life. The shepherd-boy, keeping his father's sheep, is filled with adoration as he gazes on the majestic scene above and exclaims, "what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?" Or, rapt with love at the care of the Creator, reminding him of that which he himself exercised towards the objects of his charge, he bursts out, "the Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." His voice, too, comes to us from the palace and the camp; from the statesman and the warrior; but in a tone how altered. The innocence and faith of the shepherd-boy, have not preserved him in more trying scenes. The wailing of the adulterer and the murderer; the prayer for deliverance from blood and guiltiness; the remorse, the despair of conscience, are there. And well may he exclaim, as he looks back upon his early days and his later career, "Oh! had I wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest."

But some one, snarling under ills that are common to every lot, may say, "in description a farmer's life may be poetic and delightful; but we want to be rich; we want to be powerful; we want to look down upon others. That is happiness; that is the usefulness to which we aspire. I am ambitious, and avaricious and envious. I have no scope here; I can never be happy as a farmer." And in what position can you be happy? Where do these feelings produce aught but misery? An ambitious, avaricious, envious farmer cannot be happy on his farm, for it is a law of man's nature that no outward situation shall satisfy a disordered mind. And of agricultural pursuits no more can be said than is alleged of godliness by the apostle, "with contentment, it is great gain."

What, then, is the conclusion of this whole matter? The agricultural life is one eminently calculated for human happiness and human virtue. But let no other calling or pursuit of honest industry, be despised or envied. One cannot say unto another, "I have no need of thee;" and to every one there are compensations made that render all, in a great degree, satisfied with their lot. Envy not the wealth of the merchant; it has been won by anxieties that you never knew, and is held by so frail a tenure as to deprive its possessor of perfect security and perfect peace. While your slumbers have been sound, his have been disturbed by calculating chances, by fearful anticipations, by uncertainty of results. The reward of your labor is sure. He feels that an hour may strip him of his possessions, and turn him and his family on the world in debt and penury.

Envy not the learning of the student. The hue on his cheek testifies of the vigils by which it has been attained. He has grown pale over the midnight lamp. He has been shut up from the prospect of nature, while sound sleep and refreshing breezes have been your portion and your health.

Envy not the successful statesman. His name may be in every one's mouth. His reputation may be the property of his country; but envy and detraction have marked him. His plans are thwarted, his principles attacked, his ends misrepresented. And if he attain to the highest station, it is to feel that his power only enables him to make one ungrateful, and hundreds his enemies, for every favor he can bestow.

Envy no one. The situation of an independent farmer stands among the first, for happiness and virtue. It is the one to which statesmen and warriors have retired, to find, in the contemplation of the works of nature, that serenity which more conspicuous situations could not impart. It is the situation in which God placed his peculiar people in the land of Judea, and to which all the laws and institutions of his great lawgiver had immediate reference. And, when in fullness of time, the privileges of the chosen seed, were to be extended to all his children, it was to shepherds, abiding in the field, that the glad tidings of great joy were first announced. Health of body, serenity of mind and competence of estate, wait upon this honorable calling; and in giving these, it gives all that the present life can bestow, while it opens, through its influence, the path to Heaven.

PLANNING. The sagacious, systematic farmer, will avail himself of the opportunity afforded by the leisure of winter, to plan operations to be carried out the coming season. In this practice lies the secret of many a farmer's thrift, as well as many a farmer's un-thrift.

The devising and perfecting of plans before attempting undertakings, is as important and as useful to the farmer in his business, as to the military chieftain in his, and is as sure to conduce to the success and fame of the latter. The characteristics which made Washington a great General, made him, also, a good Farmer,—and foremost of these were energy and forethought—the head to plan, and the arm to execute.

Plans for improvements on the farm should not only be devised in a season of leisure, but committed to paper—considered, reconsidered, and placed in the order of time at which they will have to be executed.

This practice, if universally adopted, would tend to the accomplishment of many improvements which from year to year are unattempted, merely for the want of forethought. [N. E. Far.]

OXEN FOR PLOWING.—The advantage of oxen in farm labor, depends much on their discipline. If they are of the right form and spirit, they may be trained to walk as fast as horses, and will do as much at the plow, excepting perhaps in the very hottest weather. The first premium for plowing at the State plowing match at Poughkeepsie, in 1844, was given to a man who used a middling sized pair of oxen. They did their work quicker and better than any other team, and there were several pair of large horses. It was a very warm day, but the oxen were less worried, and evidently able to perform more a day than the horses.—[Albany Cult.]

PROVINCETOWN.—The Yarmouth Register says of Provincetown—"This place now sends out twenty five whaling and about one hundred and fifty fishing vessels, besides merchantmen and coasters. The Navy of the United States might move in its harbor. We have seen four hundred fishing vessels there at a time. The town is wealthy. The poor house is shut up half the year. Almost every young man becomes a ship owner before he is twenty five years old. Money is plenty, and can sometimes be obtained there at three or four per cent. when it is worth six in Boston. Probably the enterprising seamen of that town obtain \$100,000 worth of property from the ocean in a prosperous season. In the town we saw three monstrous great school houses, three churches, and two academies."

Sabbath Reading.

I WILL PRAISE THEE.

BY CAROLINE FREY.

For what shall I praise thee, my God, and my King!
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring;
I praise thee for pleasure, for health, or for ease,
For the sunshine of youth, for the garden of peace!
I praise thee for flowers that bloomed on my breast!
For joys in perspective, and pleasure possessed!
For the spirits that brightened my days of delight!
For the slumbers that rest on my pillow by night!
For this should I thank thee: But if only for this,
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss;
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,
For the thorn I have gathered, the anguish I share,
For nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,
A present of pain, a perspective of fears!
I thank thee, I thank thee, my King and my God,
For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestowed—
The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is flown,
They yielded no fruit, they are withered and gone!
The thorn it was poignant, but precious to me,
'Twas the message of mercy, it led me to thee!

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

On a fine summer's day, in 1840, a clergyman was called to preach in a town in Indiana, to a young Episcopal congregation. At the close of his discourse, he addressed his young hearers in some such words as these: "Learn that the present life is a preparation for, and has a tendency to, eternity. The present is linked to the future throughout creation, in the vegetable, in the animal, and in the moral world. As is the seed, so is the fruit; as is the egg, so is the fowl; as is the boy, so is the man; and as is the rational being in this world, so will he be in the next. Dives estranged from God here, is Dives estranged from God there; and Enoch walking with God in a calm and better world. I beseech you, then, live for a blessed eternity. Go to the work that you tread upon, and learn a lesson of wisdom. The very caterpillar seeks the food that fosters it for another and similar state; and more wisely than man, builds its own sepulchre, from whence in time, by a kind of resurrection, it comes forth a new creature, in almost an angelic form. And now, that which was hideous and beautiful, and that which crawled flies, and that which fed on comparatively gross food, sips the dew and revels in the rich pastures, an emblem of that paradise where flows the river of life, and grows the tree of life. Could the caterpillar have been diverted from its proper element and mode of life, it had never attained the butterfly's splendid form and hue; it had perished a worthless worm. Consider her ways and be wise. Let it not be said that ye are more negligent than worms, and that your reason is less available than their instinct. As often as the butterfly flits across your path, remember that it whispers in its flight—'Live now for the future!'"

[Albany Spectator.]

A BEAUTIFUL SIMILE. "We heard a minister in the pulpit, a short time ago, relate the following historical fact, and apply it to Christian duty. There is an electric force—an action arising from its contemplation, that ought to arouse, elevate, and quicken the feelings of every Christian in contemplating the beauties of the natural world. The minister remarked that historians said that the eagle, when the clouds blackened and lowered, and the wind and storm arose to a fearful extent, would weigh with instinctive precision its ability to withstand its force without injury. If the storm did fair to rage with too great force, the eagle would spread its broad wings and soar above it; and if the storm should be too weak, it would look down with severity and compose on the devotion below. The application to Christians was to persuade them to imitate the noble eagle. When bickering and strife arose in the church or society; and when hostilities were waxing hotter and hotter; when the storms of civil or religious discord were rising higher and higher; and the wrath of God was threatening in his providence into the ears of his provokers; then they should be on the pinions of their faith rise above the world. This needs no comment. Oh that Christians would learn to emulate the eagle, and proudly, through the influence of the Divine Spirit, trample the world beneath their feet."

OLD PAUL TUNES.—There is, to us, more touching pathos, heart-thrilling expression, in some of the old psalm-tunes, feelingly displayed, than in the whole batch of modernisms. The strains go home, and the "fountain of the great deep is broken up"—the great deep of unfeelingness feeling that it lies far, far below the surface of the world-hallowed heart; and as the unworldly, yet uncheered, tear, in the eye, the soft and tender spirit yield to their influence and shake off the load of earthly care, rising purified and spiritualized, into a clearer atmosphere. Strange, inexplicable associations brood over the mind—"like the far-off dream of Paradise," mingling their chaste melancholy with musings of a still, subdued, more cheerful character. How many glad hearts in the olden time have rejoiced in these songs of praise—how many sighed out their complaints in those plaintive notes, that steal sadly, yet sweetly on the ear—hearts that, now cold in death, are laid to rest, round that sacred tune, within those walls they had so often swelled with emotion. [Blackwood.]

RELIGION OF THE DOG.—The Rev. Henry Duncan, in his Philosophy of the Seasons, relates the following original anecdote of Burns: "I well remember with what delight I listened to an interesting conversation which, while yet a schoolboy, I enjoyed an opportunity of hearing in my father's manse, between the poet Burns and another poet, my near relation, the amiable Blacklock. The subject was the fidelity of the dog. Burns took up the question with all the ardor and kindly feeling with which the conversation of that extraordinary man was so sorely imbued. It was a subject well suited to call forth his powers; and when handled by such a man, not less suited to interest the youthful fancy. The anecdotes by which it was illustrated have long escaped my memory; but there was one sentiment expressed by Burns with his own characteristic enthusiasm, which, as it threw new light into my mind, I shall never forget. "Man," said he, is the God of the dog. He knows no other; he can understand no other; and see how he worships him! with what reverence he crouches at his feet; with what love he fawns upon him, and with what cheerful alacrity he obeys him. His whole soul is wrapped up in his God; and the powers and faculties of his nature are devoted to his service; and these powers and faculties are ennobled by the intercourse. It ought just to be so with the Christian; but the dogs put the Christians to shame."

The American Tract Society, at the end of the third quarter of the society's current year, Jan. 15, had received for sales of publications and in donations, \$92,433. The publications amounted to \$80,453.89. The number of colporteurs and agents in commission was 123. There was due before April 15, \$9,127.81. Upwards of \$46,000 will be needed in donations before April 15, the close of the society's financial year.

The Rev. Wm. Ryland, Chaplain of the Navy, died at Washington City, on Monday morning, aged 71.

Gen. Elias B. Dayton, of Elizabethtown, N. J., died at New York on Sunday. His revolutionary services are well known.

Hon. Charles Cutts died at Fairfax C. H., Va., on the 25th inst. He was a Senator of the United States at the most critical period of the history of this country, and, after ceasing to be a Senator, he filled the office of Secretary of the Senate of the United States, for about fourteen years.

THE MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, FEBY 5, 1846.

Probate Notices. Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in the County of Kennebec, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

Job Work, of all kinds, as neatly executed, and on as reasonable terms, at the Farmer Office, as at any establishment in the State. Fancy jobs printed with all the different colored inks.

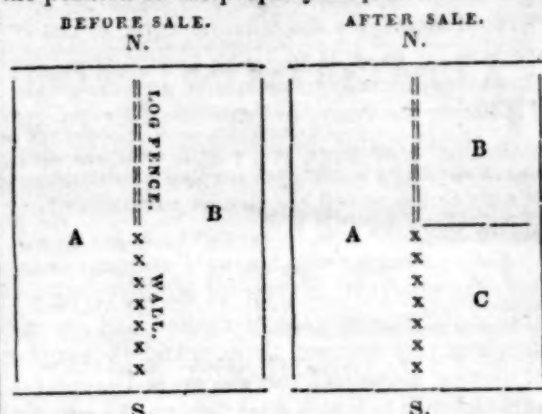
A QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer: A. and B. own land adjoining, and call on the fence viewers. Said fence viewers attend to their duty—assign A. the south half, it being 50 rods; B. the north half, 50 rods. A. builds a stone wall on his part, and B. builds a log fence. Now B. sells off the land adjoining A.'s wall to C. up to the 50 rods. Is C. holden to pay for half the wall, the division being recorded with the other records of the town—or is B. holden to maintain the north half, as before he sold to C.?

Now, Mr. Editor, if you will answer the above question through the medium of your excellent paper, you will confer a favor on a reader. N. J.

Mercer, Jan. 24, 1846.

NOTE. If we rightly understand the question of N. J., the following diagrams will illustrate the position of the property in question:



We take it for granted that the proceedings in the division were legal, and that the record was also legally made. Now C. buys all the rights and privileges which B. had in the land side of the wall. What are these rights and privileges? One of them is that A. should keep a good and substantial fence fifty rods, or where he has built the wall. A. has a corresponding right to have a fence the same distance north, viz., where the log fence is. Of course C. ought not to be called upon to pay for half the wall. B. is holden to maintain a fence on the north fifty rods. He has been paid for this trouble and expense by A.'s having been to the like trouble and expense in building the wall; and B.'s having sold this pay to another, ought not to exonerate him from his original liability on the north fifty rods.

N. B. We would observe that we make no pretensions to legal science, but we are satisfied that the above conforms to common law, common sense and common justice.

SILK CULTURE.

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer: I am not much used to writing for the public eye, but by your request will attempt to give our success, &c., in the silk culture—what we have done, not what we can do—and trust that a short and plain relation of unvarnished facts, may not be altogether uninteresting.

Our operations thus far have been on a small scale, but believe that under judicious management, the rearing of silk worms may be extensively pursued, even in this cold region of frost and snow, with as good a chance of success as in the culture of corn, wheat, or any other product of the farm.

We have five hundred white mulberry trees of eight years' growth, which occupy one-fourth of an acre of warm, sandy soil, that was cultivated, while the trees were small, in potatoes, beans, &c.; only ten common cart loads of stable manure having been applied since the trees were put out. Have a few hundred of the multicaulis mulberry, also, but have used none of the foliage for feeding worms. Think they will not flourish well here.

In 1843 we fed 12000 worms, which spun good cocoons, but accidentally lost 5000 of them by fire. From the remaining 7000, which weighed 25 lbs., we manufactured 1000 skeins of sewing silk. In '44 we fed 20,000, but from a want of experience in preserving eggs, the worms were unhealthy, and made poor cocoons—manufactured 500 skeins of sewing silk, and seven handkerchiefs worth \$1.25 each. The past season we fed 22,000, which did well—made 2500 skeins of sewing silk, 12 handkerchiefs that were pronounced "good," and sold very readily at \$1.25 each, and a mantle of superior texture, worth five or six dollars.

2500 skeins of sewing silk, at \$3 per hundred, \$75 00
12 handkerchiefs, 15 00
A mantle, 5 00
State bounty, 9 00

The expense of attending the worms, spinning, weaving, &c., at \$1 per day, amounts to \$60 00

Profit, \$44 00

As to the profit of the silk culture, we are not prepared to speak with assurance, but would remark, that while the foreign article is, by the community, preferred to the domestic, the manufacture of sewing silk cannot be profitable.

We would advise those engaging in the business, to establish fixtures for reeling, and acquaint themselves with the process, as the "raw silk," well reeled, will always sell readily at a fair price.

Enclosed, for your inspection, is a fair specimen of the sewing silk manufactured the past season as above.

J. S. LONGLEY.

Norridgewock, January, 1846.

NOTE. We were much pleased on receiving the above communication and the specimen of silk enclosed. The specimen is well manufactured, is even in twist, and has a good lustre. We hope to hear from others who are engaged in this business. Let us know what progress you make. We suspect that Mr. Longley is situated further north than any other silk-grower in the Union.

[Our readers in this vicinity will bear in mind that Mr. Berry's Concert comes off this (Wednesday) evening, at the Universalist Meeting House. The "bill of fare" is a good one, and the array of performers a strong one.

Hog's lard is put up in bladders at Springfield, Ill., for the London Market—looking like Os-trich eggs.

NEW PAPERS.

We have received quite a lot of first rate new papers lately. This speaks well for the growing desire in the community for information. We hope they will all get a good living. Among them are the following:

1. THE LIME-RICK GAZETTE. A neat and well executed sheet. Neutral in politics. Published by Richardson & Porter, at East Thomaston, in this State. Thus far it exhibits both talent and taste in its original and selected matter.—Long life to it.

2. NEW YORK EVENING LEDGER. A new daily penny paper. Large, neat, and racy. It is published and conducted by an association of Typos, under the firm of Green & Co.

We like the spirit and goodheadedness it exhibits. It takes the Printers to do up these things in "bunkum" style.

3. BAY STATE FARMER. This hails from Worcester—the heart of the old Bay State; the mother of States. It bids fair to be an excellent paper, and if the farmers of old Worcester county don't give it great circulation, they will do themselves injustice.

4. ASYLUM GAZETTE. A neat little quarto, published once per month, by the inmates of the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, and printed by I. Hill & Sons, at thirty cents per annum.

We have examined this little sheet with a good deal of interest, coming as it does from those who are entitled to the deepest sympathy of our hearts, and to whom every kindness should be extended. It exhibits much talent, and we place it on our exchange list with great pleasure.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

GRAND DIVISION. The G. D. at its last session, granted two charters for subordinates. It has now under its jurisdiction 18 Divisions, viz: Piscataquis No. 1, at Foxcroft; Franklin, 2, Augusta; Warren, 3, Gardiner; Penobscot, 4, Hampden; Central, 5, Hallowell; Dexter, 6, Dexter; Pinckney, 7, Brooks; Belfast, 8, Belfast; Orono, 10, Orono; Cynosure, 11, Bangor; Hancock, 12, Buxport; Ticonic, 13, Waterville; Sebago, 14, Abbot; Maccandian, 15, Oldtown; Lime Rock, 16, East Thomaston; Oregon, 17, Frankfort; Pleasant River, 18, Milo; Pacific, 19, Orono.

In conformity with the instructions of the G. D., the G. W. P. districts the State in the following manner, and appoints the following Brothers his Deputies, viz: Augusta and Hallowell, No. 1, P. W. P. George Carr, D. G. W. P.; Gardiner, 2, do. C. P. Weston, do.; Brooks and Belfast, 3, do. C. P. Nesmith, do.; Foxcroft, Abbot and Milo, 4, do. Wm. G. Clark, do.; Dexter, 5, do. N. B. Folsom, Jr., do.; Orono and Oldtown, 6, do. W. H. Allen, do.; Hampden and Bangor, 7, do. H. J. Bradbury, do.; Frankfort and Buxport, 8, do. J. B. Parker, do.; Waterville, 9, W. P.—T. O. Saunders, do.; Thomaston, 10, do. James Fogg, do.

Pleasant River Division was instituted at Milo on the 23d ult. The officers for this quarter are, Russell Kittredge, W. P.; Forest Turner, W. A.; William A. Luce, R. S.; Daniel Hamlen, A. R. S.; William R. Glover, F. S.; Joseph W. Cushing, T.; James H. Rowell, C.; Chas. B. Smith, A. C.; John S. Sampson, I. S.; N. W. Sargent, O. S.; L. H. Hartwell, Acting P. W. P.; James H. Rowell, Chaplain.

Officers of Piscataquis Division: M. Eames, W. P.; P. Q. Ames, W. A.; N. Ames, R. S.; L. Lee, A. R. S.; C. Chamberlin, F. S.; S. Paul, T.; R. W. Elliott, C.; O. E. Wise, A. C.; S. B. Byram, I. S.; C. Osgood, O. S.

Officers of Dexter Division: G. Cutler, W. P.; W. G. Buswell, W. A.; J. M. Waters, R. S.; O. Cutler, A. R. S.; J. McCrillis, F. S.; C. G. Bailey, T.; C. Copeland Jr., C.; J. Pennington, A. C.; T. Severance, I. S.; J. P. Ireland, O. S.

FIRE. A destructive fire occurred in South China on Friday evening last. It originated (but how is not known) in the barn of Mr. Sullivan Erskine, which it destroyed, together with his dwelling house, wood house, and a shed some seventy feet long. There were consumed in these, twelve first rate cows, one yoke of excellent oxen, one horse, two hogs, all his farming utensils, thirty tons of prime hay, one hundred and twenty-five bushels of corn, thirty bushels of beans, and a quantity of wheat and rye.—Damage estimated at about \$3000. Insured to the amount of \$1200 at the Monmouth M. F. I. Company.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN VERGENNES, VT. We learn from the Vergennes Vermonter, that a very destructive fire occurred in that place on Tuesday of last week. The fire broke out in a large stone tower occupied by the Messrs. Holcomb, whose loss is estimated at \$35,000, only \$7,000 insured. These gentlemen slept in their store, and came very near being consumed.—When the walls of this building fell, they crashed in the roofs of the adjoining buildings, and the flames communicating, the whole were consumed. The entire loss is estimated at \$60,000. Entire insurance, about \$15,000.

A LOTTERY POND. About one thousand feet below the highest point of Mount Washington, and between that and Mount Monroe, is the pond or spring which gathers into a body of clear pellucid waters the innumerable fountains gushing from the rocks above the highest sources of the Ammonoosuc river, which discharges into the Connecticut some forty miles to the southwest. Such is the abundance of water collected from less than one third of the surface of the two highest mountain tops, that the water discharging from this high reservoir at all seasons, would be quite sufficient at the height of more than four thousand feet from the mountain base to do the work of a factory of several thousand spindles.

That's a fact, Corporal. We once had a good night's rest on the banks of that pond.—The water is as clear as crystal, and as cool as ice. We caught some of the beautiful little trout that are found there, for supper; and then rolled ourselves up in a blanket and slept as soundly as any body else could with weary body and a clear conscience.

'FRIDAY OF A "BAR." The Boston Star copies our story of "demolishing the Tugus bears," and talks kind o'sheered, in this way:

PLEASANT NEIGHBORHOOD. One naturally associates ideas of a pretty wild sort of a country with bears, and like voraciously disposed animals. It appears, by an account, in the Maine Farmer, that the people down that way have not scared off all these horrid creatures, and therefore there is no temptation to a quietly disposed individual, to visit such a dreadful country.—"Tugus," we take it, must be the town this side of the "jumping off place."

No temptation to visit us, eh? Come along, Corporal, they shan't hurt yer. There are bigger bears in Boston than you can find in these diggings. We'll leave it to Eph, if there aint.

FROM WASHINGTON.

[Correspondence of the Maine Farmer.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31, 1846.

DEAR FARMER:—Since my last, the news from England, by the Hibernia, came to us by the "lightning" express. Seldom has news been received with more satisfaction. The friends of peace and prosperity hailed it as an omen of the continuance of friendly relations with England; and even those whose cry "is still for war" are at heart glad of it, inasmuch as they save their credit for courage without fear of being taken at their word. It is a vast deal easier talking than it is fighting it when it comes. The breath must go out of the lungs when taken in, and it costs the breather but little to land it with valiant words in its transit; but a broken head or two, to say nothing of the other ten times ten thousand horrors of a real bona fide war, are not so easily borne.

The news has also had another good effect, viz: the bringing of breadstuffs down to a proper medium, so that the life of the poor is no longer at the mercy of the speculator. We have further news from Mexico. The revolution is complete and Paredes is at present commander in chief of Mexico. Mr. Sillid who was sent by our government to Mexico, has not been recognized in any capacity, either by Herrera before his overthrow, or by Paredes since his triumph. What will be the result is uncertain. Among other nations, such a course would be considered almost equivalent to a declaration of war; but Mexico is in such a state of distraction that much allowance must be allowed for any thing she does.

The whig members from Florida have been voted out of the Congressional ring, and the democratic members voted in. I will not pretend to say who has the right of it; but this you know as well as I, that the right of might is as often exhibited at the ballot box as in fisticuffs. The Senate have rejected the nomination of Judge Woodward, of Pennsylvania, by a strong vote. The nomination was referred to a committee, who enquired into his *character*, as an Irishman would say, and they found him *non fit*. There is a rumor now afloat that Buchanan will resign his station in the Cabinet and walk on to the Supreme Bench. I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but if he can have the vacant Judge-ship he is a fool if he don't take it. Who would not prefer a high, and honorable, and permanent office like this, to the chances and reverses of political life?

You have probably read Gallatin's letters on the subject of Oregon. I consider them *first rate*. That Gallatin is a remarkable old man. Like John Quincy Adams, the fire of his soul burns up strong and bright, while the old body is gradually decaying.

Senator Bagby has recently introduced some resolutions in the Senate in regard to the amendment of the constitution, that are really worth the careful consideration of every body.

The purport of them is as follows:—The President is to be elected for six years and to be ineligible to that office afterwards. No member of either House of Congress shall be eligible to the presidency during the time for which he was elected or for four years after. I don't know about this being either right or necessary. We ought to have the best man for President, and if that best man happens to be a Congress man, why not take him? The other point is a pretty good one, viz: that no member of Congress shall be placed in the Cabinet during the time for which he was elected. Perhaps you will say that the same reason which I offer why the best man should be chosen President, even if a member of Congress, will hold good in regard to Cabinet officers. True; but the chances for "bargaining" and corruption will be lessened, and such is the strong propensity for political aspirants to drive selfish bargains, that I think it well enough to have a ring in some of their noses, as you farmers say.

Q-INA-CORNER.

DR. PAIGE'S LECTURES. Dr. Paige, who has been lecturing some time in different towns in this State on Physiology, Medical Electricity and Phrenology, has commenced a course of lectures at State Street Chapel in this town. The subject of Electro-Magnetism, as used for medical purposes, is exciting considerable attention, and many cases are known where an application has been of signal service in many diseases of a paralytic and nervous character.

The Navy of the United States. The number and class of vessels in the naval service on the first day of October, is stated by the Secretary as follows:

	In commission.	In ordinary.	Building.	Total.
Ships of the line	4	2	3	9
Frigates	4	2	1	7
Sloops of war	15	6	2	23
Brigs	5	1	0	6
Schooners	5	1	0	6
Steamers	6	3	2	11
Store ships	4	1	0	5
	46	17	12	75

A young lady in New York, put five or six pins into her mouth, and forgetting them, they got into her throat, and by an effort she threw them all up but one, which remained crosswise the passage. She became very much alarmed, and immediately made an application to a physician. The pin was firmly fixed across the cardiac orifice of the stomach, and in that situation it was impossible to bring it up by the mouth. The doctor therefore tied a bit of sponge to the end of a piece of whale bone, and bent it to the shape of the passage, pushed the pin into the stomach, which gave instant relief.

ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE. We learn from the Atlas, that Reuben Rowley, of Wrentham, the man who said he was robbed last fall, on board of the steamboat Massachusetts of \$28,000, and told the story about eating a part of a peach, which so stupefied him, has been confined in the State Lunatic Hospital, at Worcester, for some time past. On Friday afternoon last, he had leave to go out to take the air, promising to return in due season, but at the last accounts he had not been heard of.

AN OLD MARRIED COUPLE. The Springfield Republican says that there now lives in that town, a respectable old man, who was a soldier of the Revolution, and who on the 17th inst., had lived 83 years in peace and happiness with the wife of his youth. They have lived in the same house, and have eaten together at the same table, for more than 50 years.

THE SNOW STORM OF 1717. The storm of 1717 shut people up as snugly at home as if they had been blocked in. Those who were blocked had to use furniture and the like, for fuel; in some places the snow was thirty feet deep. People made their exit frequently from the second story windows, and the trees cut down for fuel left long stumps behind. One Hannah Dingley—a poor woman, who lived not far from New Haven, was buried for six or eight days, but at last discovered by her neighbors by the smoke of her fire coming through the snow. Hannah died at a *la Graham*, on potatoes and dried corn, and was buried with chairs and tables. A flock of 100 sheep were dug out of a snow drift on Fisher's Island, where they had been buried to the depth of 16 feet.

GREAT FIRE THIS MORNING AT BILLERICA MILLS.—Loss from \$5000 to \$6000.—We learn from Mr. J. E. Short, conductor on the Lowell Railroad, that between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock, this morning, a fire broke out in the Billerica Mills, and destroyed the whole extensive establishment.

The buildings were owned by the Middlesex Canal Company, and Mr. Short said the impression was that they were not insured.

The fire consisted of a saw mill occupied by Mr. Wilson, a large flour and grain mill occupied by Geo. Roudy & Co. and two carpet mills occupied by Messrs Lang & Co. &c.

It is understood that the several occupants of the mills are generally insured—at the Hartford Insurance Offices and the Offices in this city.

A large number of people will of course be turned out of employment. [Boston Bee.]

SMALL POX. This disease, which formerly carried terror with its very name, is feared much less at the present day, in this country, for two reasons—first, its ravages are checked by the general prevalence of vaccination; and secondly, physicians understand managing it far better than formerly. Still, however, the disease is to be dreaded, and guarded against.

For the benefit of the public we therefore copy the following from an exchange. [Olive Branch.]

Dr. Fahnestock, of Bordenstown, in an article on the Small Pox and Vaccination, comes to the following positions as to the result of his observation and experience:

1. That vaccination is the best protection from small pox. It modifies the disease and preserves life, although it does not in all cases exempt entirely from an attack of various diseases.

2. That re-vaccination becomes necessary to test the protection of the system.

3. That after re-vaccination, an individual may have a reasonable certainty of exemption from an attack of varioloid.

4. That re-vaccination should be resorted to by all persons upon whom it has not been repeated, whenever the small pox assumes an epidemic form; as the changes constantly taking place in the human system, render an individual liable to infection at one period who may have been exempt at another; and particularly as that liability is greatly increased by the existence of the variolous constitution of the atmosphere, which fans otherwise sporadic cases into epidemic prevalence.

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF JERUSALEM. It will be remembered that Dr. Alexander was appointed, a few years ago, Bishop of Jerusalem. Being a Jew himself, it was supposed that his elevation to this new bishopric would exert a happy influence in hastening the introduction of Israelites generally into the true fold.

The papers received by the last steamer inform us, however, that the Bishop died on his way from Jerusalem to Egypt, via Gaza, November 21. He expected to embark from Alexandria for England, and had reached the eastern branch of the Nile, when his progress was arrested by apoplexy. His death was instantaneous. His wife and daughter were with him; also the Rev. Mr. Veitch. The latter says, describing the occurrence, "It was truly a heart-rending scene. In a tent, in the wild desert, no medical help at hand! To see the widowed wife and fatherless daughter bending over the lowly pallet on which were stretched the lifeless remains! Never shall I forget that harrowing scene."

A terrible accident occurred last week, in the border of Langdon, says the Keene, (N. H.) Sentinel of the 17th inst., a short distance from Drowsville. On Wednesday, Mr. Derrick Harwell of Langdon, went into the woods with a two horse team, and was returning, seated on the top of his load; when within forty rods of the main road, in passing over unequal ground, he was thrown forward, with some portion of the wood, and fell under the sled. He was unable, and both his legs caught at and above the knee. The reins were wound round him, so that the horses could not proceed, and here he remained, screaming for help, not only through the rest of the day, but thro' the bitter cold night, until 7 o'clock the next morning, seventeen hours! His limbs were terribly frozen, and his face, but no bones broken. Mr. H. died on Tuesday morning.

A NARROW ESCAPE. The Newburyport Advertiser says that a Mr. Short lately slipped from a wagon, and it was supposed died soon afterwards; but while preparations were making for the interment, and the corpse placed in the coffin, the doctor discovering that the glass in the coffin lid was somewhat covered with vapor, took his handkerchief for the purpose of removing it; but finding that it proceeded from the inside of the glass, he at once pronounced the man alive, and he was taken from his "narrow house," and is now as well as ever he was in his life!

AWFUL SHIPWRECK. Newspapers from Van Diemen's Land as late as Sept 23d, have been received by the N. Y. Express. They give the particulars of one of the most horrible shipwrecks on record, by which 414 lives were lost. The "Cataract," (emigrant ship of 800 tons,) sailed from Liverpool on the 20th of April, with 339 emigrants, and a crew, including two doctors, of forty-six souls. About 120 of the passengers were married, with families, and in all 73 children.

DESTITUTION. As an evidence of the destitution and suffering that has existed among the poor and unfortunate during the present severe spell of weather, numbers of men and women have applied to the magistrates for voluntary commitments under the vagrant act, to prevent their starving or freezing to death. [Philadelphia Gazette.]

Dreadful Murder in Albany. A cold blooded murder was committed in Albany on Saturday, as we learn by the Argus. John Bannon, a stone cutter, was deliberately shot at and fatally wounded, while coming out of a house, being taken for another person.

Extraordinary Mission from Bremen. The Union states that Mr. Charles Theodore Gevekoht was, a few days since, presented by the Secretary of State to the President, and received by him, as the delegate of the Senate of the Free Hanseatic Town of Bremen, charged with an extraordinary mission to the United States. It is understood that Mr. Gevekoht is duly empowered to enter into arrangements, if practicable, by which the port of Bremen may be fixed upon by this government as the place of destination for steam packet ships line, to be established between the United States and Europe.

THE STEAMER BANGOR. The iron steamship Bangor, which was so nearly destroyed by fire a few months since, has been repaired, as we learn from the Thomaston Recorder, and is now nearly ready for service again, such improvements having been introduced into the machinery as will secure a speed of thirteen miles an hour. The trips of the Bangor, it is stated, are soon to be renewed.

INDEPENDENCE OF LIBERIA. We learn from Washington that the Managers of the American Colonization Society are considering measures for securing the recognition of Liberia as an independent State, a measure of great necessity and importance. The difficulties that have arisen between British traders on the African coast and the Liberia Government, may be traced principally to the anomalous character of the Colony, and to the fact that it has not assumed before the world the rights of an independent political Commonwealth.

CANADA TRADE. The numerous shipwrecks and losses of life on the lower part of the river St. Lawrence, have so excited the public attention in Canada, as to call for remedy on the part of the government. The Montreal Herald states that the rates of insurance on freight by that river, are such as to give great advantage to the trade through the United States, and that when our railroads are completed their navigation is in danger of being destroyed, and Montreal and Quebec will become but inland towns of the United States.

The Muse.

SNOW.

BY MRS. S. GOURNET.

How quietly the snow comes down,
When all are fast asleep,
And plays a thousand fairy pranks
O'er vale and mountain steep.
How cunningly it finds its way
To every cranny small,
And creeps through e'en the slightest chink
In window or in wall.
To every nook and hill it brings
A fairer, purer crest,
Than the rich emerald robe that decks
The haughtiest monarch's breast.
To every reaching spray it gives
White'er its hand can hold—
A beautiful thing the snow is,
To all, both young and old.
The waking day, through curtaining haze,
Looks forth, with more surprise,
To view what changes have been wrought
Since last she shut her eyes;
And a pleasant thing it is to see
The cottage children peep
From out the drift, that to their ears
Prolongs its rampart deep.
The patient farmer searches
His buried lands to find,
And dig his silly poultry out,
Who clamor in the wind;
How sturdily he cuts his way,
Though wild blasts beat him back,
And caters for his waiting herd
Who aiver round the stack.
Right welcome are those feathery flakes
To the ruddy orchard's eye,
As down the long, smooth hill they coast,
With about and revelry,
Or when the moonlight, clear and cold,
Calls out their throng to play—
Oh! a merry gift the snow is
For a Christmas holiday.
The city miss, who, wrapped in fur,
Is lifted to the sleigh,
And borne so daintily to school
Along the crowded way,
Feels not within her pallid cheek
The rich blood mounting warm,
Like her who, laughing, shakes the snow
From powdered tress and hair.
A tasteful hand the snow hath—
For on the storied pane
It saw its Alpine landscapes traced
With arch and sculptured form,
Where high o'er hilly-headed cliffs
The dizzy Simion wound,
And old cathedrals reared their towers
With Gothic tracery bound.
I think it hath a tender heart,
For I marked it while it crept
To spread a sheltering mantle where
The infant blossom slept.
It doth to earth a deed of love—
Though in a wintry way,
And her turf-grown will be greener
For the snow that's fallen to-day.

The Story Teller.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

THE POOR LAWYER.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I had taken my breakfast, and was waiting for my horse, when passing up and down the piazza, I saw a young girl seated near the window, evidently a visitor. She was very pretty, with auburn hair, and blue eyes, and was dressed in white. I had seen nothing of the kind since I had left Richmond, and at that time I was too much of a boy to be struck with female beauty. "She was so delicate and dainty looking, so different from the hale, buxom, brown girls of the woods—and then her white dress! It was dazzling! Never was a poor youth so taken by surprise, and suddenly bewitched. My heart yearned to know her, but how was I to accost her? I had grown wild in the woods, and had none of the habits of polite life. Had she been like Peggy Pugh, or Sally Pigham, or any of my leather dressed belles of the pigeon roost, I should have approached her without dread; nay, had she been as fair as Shurt's daughters, with their looking glass lockets, I should not have hesitated; but that white dress, and those auburn ringlets and blue eyes, and delicate looks, quite damped, while they fascinated. I don't know what put it into my head, but I thought all at once I would kiss her! It would take a long acquaintance to arrive at such a boon, but I might seize upon it by sheer robbery. Nobody knew me here, I would just step in and snatch a kiss, mount my horse and ride off. She would not be the worse for it; and that kiss—oh, I should die if I did not get it!

I gave no time for the thought to cool, but entered the house and stepped into the room. She was seated with her back to the door, looking out of the window, and did not hear my approach. I tapped her chair, and she turned and looked up. I snatched as sweet a kiss as ever was stolen, and vanished in a twinkling. The next moment I was on horseback galloping homeward, my heart tingling at what I had done.

After a variety of amusing adventures, Ringwood attends the study of the law, in an obscure settlement in Kentucky, where he delirious night and day. Ralph pursues his study, occasionally argues at a debating society, and at length becomes quite a genius in the eyes of the married ladies of the village.

I called to take tea one evening with one of these ladies, when to my surprise, and somewhat to my confusion, I found her the identical blue-eyed little beauty whom I had so audaciously kissed. I was formally introduced to her, but neither of us betrayed any signs of previous acquaintance, except by blushing to the eyes. While tea was getting ready, the lady of the house went out of the room to give some directions, and left us alone. Heaven and earth! what a situation! I felt the necessity of saying something in excuse for my former rudeness. I could not conjure up an idea, nor utter a word. Every moment matters were growing worse. I felt at once tempted to do as I had done when I robbed her of the kiss—bolt from the room and take to flight; but I was chained to the spot, for I really longed to gain her good will.

At length I plucked up courage, on seeing her equally confused with myself, and walking desperately up to her, I exclaimed,

"I have been trying to muster up something to say to you, but I cannot. I feel that I am in a horrible scrape. Do you have pity on me, and help me out of it?"

A smile dimpled upon her mouth, and played among the blushes of her cheek. She looked up with a shy, but arch glance of the eye, that expressed a volume of comic recollections; we both broke into a laugh, and from that moment all went well.

Passing the delightful description that succeeded, we proceeded to the denouement of Ringwood's love affair—the marriage and settlement.

That very Autumn I was admitted to the bar, and a month afterwards was married. We were a young couple, she not above sixteen, and I not above twenty, and both almost without a dollar

in the world. The establishment which we set up was suited to our circumstances—a low house with two small rooms, a bed, a table, a half dozen knives and forks, a half dozen spoons—every thing by half dozen—a little delf ware, every thing in a small way; we were so poor but then so happy.

We had not been married many days, when a court was held in a country town, about twenty-five miles off. It was necessary for me to go there, and put myself in the business, but how was I to go? I had expended all my means in our establishment, and then it was hard parting with my wife so soon after marriage. However, go I must. Money must be made, or we should have the wolf at the door. I accordingly borrowed a horse, and borrowed a little cash, and rode off from my door, leaving my wife standing at it, and waving her hand after me. Her last look, so sweet and becoming, went to my heart. I felt as if I could go through fire and water, for her. I arrived at the county town on a cool October evening. The inn was crowded, for the court was to commence on the following day.

I knew no one, and wondered how I, a stranger and a mere youngster, was to make my way in such a crowd, and get business. The public room was thronged with all the idlers of the country, who gathered together on such occasions. There was some drinking going forward, with a great noise and a little altercation. Just as I entered the room, I saw a rough, bulky fellow who was partly intoxicated, strike an old man. He came swaggering by me, and elbowed me as I passed. Immediately knocked him down, and kicked him into the street. I needed no better introduction. I had half a dozen rough shakes of the hand and invitations to drink, and found myself quite a personage in this rough assemblage.

The next morning court opened—I took my seat among the lawyers; but I felt I was a mere spectator, not having an idea where business was to come from. In the course of the morning a man was put to the bar, charged with passing counterfeit money, and was asked if he was ready for trial. He answered in the negative. "He had been confined in a place where there were no lawyers, and had not had the opportunity of consulting any. He was told to choose a counsel from the lawyers present, and he ready for trial the following day. He looked around the court and selected me. I was thunderstruck! I could not tell why he should make such a choice. I, a beardless youngster, unpractised at the bar, perfectly unknown. I felt diffident, yet delighted, and could have hugged the rascal.

Before leaving the court he gave me a hundred dollars in a bag, as a retaining fee. I could scarcely believe my senses—it seemed like a dream. The heaviness of the fee spoke but lightly of the man's innocence—but this was no affair of mine. I followed him to the jail, and learned of him all the particulars in the case; from thence I went to the clerk's office, and took minutes of the indictment. I then examined the law on the subject, and prepared my brief in my room. All this occupied me until midnight, when I went to bed and tried to sleep. It was all in vain. Never in my life was I more wide awake. A host of thoughts and fancies kept rushing into my mind; the shower of gold that had so unexpectedly fallen into my lap; the idea of my poor little wife at home, that I was to astonish her with my good fortune. But the awful responsibility I had undertaken to speak for the first time in a strange court, the expectations the culprit had formed of my talents; all these, and a crowd of similar notions, kept whirling through my mind. I had tossed about all night fearing morning would find me exhausted and incompetent; in a word, the day dawned on me a miserable fellow.

I got up feverish and nervous. I walked out to breakfast, striving to collect my thoughts, and to tranquillize my feelings. It was a bright morning—the air was pure and frosty; I bathed my forehead and my hands in a beautiful running stream, but I could not allay the fever heat that raged within. I returned to breakfast but could not eat. A single cup of coffee formed my repast. It was time to go to court, and I went there with a throbbing heart. I believe if it had not been for the thoughts of my dear little wife in her lone house, I should have given back to the man his dollars, and relinquished the cause. I took my seat, looking, I am convinced, more like a culprit than the rogue I was to defend.

When the time came for me to speak, my heart died within me. I rose embarrassed and dismayed, and stammered in opening my cause. I went on from bad to worse, and felt as if I was going down. Just then, the public prosecutor, a man of talents, but somewhat rough in his practice, made a sarcastic remark on something I had said. It was like an electric spark, and ran tingling through every vein in my body. In an instant my diffidence was gone. My whole spirit was in arms. I answered with promptness, for I felt the cruelty of such an attack upon a novice in my situation. The public prosecutor made a kind of an apology. This, for a man of his redoubtable powers, was a vast concession. I renewed my argument with a fearful growl, carried the case triumphantly, and the man was acquitted.

This was the making of me. Every body was curious to know who this new lawyer was that had suddenly risen among them, and bearded the Attorney-General in the very outset. The story of my debut at the inn on the preceding evening, when I knocked down a bully, and kicked him out of doors, for striking an old man, was circulated with favorable exaggeration. Even my beardless chin and juvenile countenance was in my favor, for the people gave me far more credit than I deserved. The chance business which occurs at our courts came thronging in upon me. I was repeatedly employed in other causes, and by Saturday night, when the court closed, I found myself with a hundred and fifty dollars in silver, three hundred dollars in notes, and a horse that I afterwards sold for two hundred dollars more.

Never did a miser gloat more on his money, and with more delight. I locked the door of my room, piled the money in a heap upon the table, walked around it with my elbow on the table, and my chin upon my hands, and gazed upon it. Was I thinking of the money? No—I was thinking of my little wife and home.

Another sleepless night ensued, but what a night of golden fancies and splendid air. As soon as morning dawned, I was up, mounted the borrowed horse on which I had come to court and led the other, which I received as a fee—All the way I was delighting myself with the thoughts of surprise I had in store for my wife; for both of us expected I should spend all the money I had borrowed, and return in debt.

Our meeting was joyous, as you may suppose; but I played the part of the Indian hunter, who, when he returns from the chase, never for a time speaks of his success. She had prepared a rustic meal for me, and while it was getting ready I seated myself at an old fashioned desk in one corner, and began to count over my money and

put it away. She came to me before I had finished, and asked me who I had collected the money for?

"For myself, to be sure," replied I, with affected coolness, "I made it at court."

She looked at me for a moment incredulously. I tried to keep my countenance and play the Indian, but it would not do. My muscles began to twitch, my feelings all at once gave way, I caught her in my arms, laughed, cried, and danced about the room like a crazy man. From that time forward we never wanted money.

The Bible Legend of the Wissahikon.

BY GEORGE LIPFARD.

It was here in these wilds of the Wissahikon, on the day of the battle, as the noonday sun came shining through the thickly clustered leaves, that two men met in deadly combat. They grappled in deadly combat near a rock that rose, like the huge wreck of some primeval world, at least one hundred feet above the dark waters of the Wissahikon.

That man with the dark brow, and the darker grey eye, flashing with deadly light—with the muscular form, clad in the blue hunting frock of the revolution—a continental named Warner. His brother was murdered the other night at the massacre of Paoli. That other man, with long black hair drooping along his cadaverous face, is clad in the half-military costume of a tory refugee. That is the murderer of Paoli, named Dabney.

They had met there in the woods by accident; and now they fought, not with sword or rifle, but with long and deadly hunting-knives, that flash in the light as they go turning and twining and twisting over the greensward.

At last the tory was down—down on the greensward, with the knee of the continental upon his breast—that upraised knife quivering in the light—that dark grey eye flashing death into his face!

"Quarter—I yield!" gasped the tory, as the knee was pressed upon his breast—"Spare me—I yield!"

"My brother," said the patriot-soldier, in that low tone of deadly hate—"My brother cried for quarter on the night of Paoli, and, even as he clung to your knees, you struck that knife into his heart. Oh, I will give you the quarter of Paoli!"

And his hand was raised for the blow, and his teeth were clenched in deadly hate. He paused for a moment, and then pinioned the tory's arms, and with one rapid stride dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.

"Mercy!" gasped the tory, turning black and ashy by turns, as that awful gulf yawned below. "Mercy! I have a wife—a child: spare me!"

Then the continental, with his muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then hissed this bitter sneer between his teeth—

"My brother had a wife and two children. The morning after the night of Paoli, that wife was a widow—those children were orphans! Wouldn't you like to go and beg your wife of that widow and her children?"

The proposal, made by the continental in the mere mockery of hate, was taken in serious earnest by the horror-stricken tory. He begged to be taken to the widow and her children, to have the pitiful privilege of begging his life. After a moment's serious thought, the patriot soldier consented. He bound the tory's arms yet tighter, placed him on the rock again, and then led him up the woods. A quiet cottage, embosomed among trees, broke on their eyes.

They entered that cottage. There, beside the desolate hearth-stone, sat the widow and her children. She sat there, a matronly woman of about thirty years, with a face faded by care, a deep dark eye, and long black hair hanging in dishevelled flakes about her shoulders.

On one side was a dark-haired boy, of some six years; on the other, a little girl, one year younger, with light hair and blue eyes. The Bible—an old and venerable volume—lay open on that mother's knee.

And then that pale-faced tory flung himself on his knees, confessed that he had butchered her husband on the night of Paoli, but begged his life at her hands!

"Spare me, for the sake of my wife—my child!"

He had expected that his pitiful moan would touch the widow's heart; but not one relenting gleam softened her pale face.

"The Lord shall judge between us!" she said in a cold, icy tone that froze the murderer's heart. "Look! The Bible lays open on my knee. I will close that volume, and then this boy shall open it, and place his finger at random upon a line, and by that line you shall live or die!"

This was a strange proposal; made in full faith of a wild and dark superstition of the olden time. For a moment the tory kneeling there, livid as ashes, was wrapt in thought. Then in a faltering voice, he signified his consent.

Raising her dark eyes to heaven, the mother prayed the Great Father to direct the finger of her son. She closed the book—she handed it to that boy, whose young cheek reddened with loathing as he gazed upon his father's murderer. He took the Bible—opened its holy pages at random, and placed his fingers upon a verse.

Then there was a silence.

Then that continental soldier, who had sworn to avenge his brother's death, stood there with dilating eyes and parted lips.

Then the culprit, kneeling on the floor, with a face like discolored clay, felt his heart leap to his throat.

Then, in a clear, bold voice, the widow read this line from the Old Testament. It was short, yet terrible:

"THAT MAN SHALL DIE!"

Look! The brother springs forward to plunge a knife into the murderer's heart; but the tory, pinioned as he is, clings to the widow's knees. He begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl—that child of five years, with golden hair and laughing eyes.

The widow consents. There is an awful pause. With a smile in her eye, without knowing what she does, that little girl opens the Bible as it lays on her mother's knee—she turns her laughing face away—she places her finger upon a line.

That awful silence grows deeper! The deep-drawn breath of the brother, and the broken gasps of the murderer, alone disturb the stillness. The widow and the dark-eyed boy are breathless. That little girl unconscious as she was, caught a feeling of awe from the countenances around her and stood breathless, her face turned aside, and her tiny fingers resting on that line of life or death.

At last, gathering courage, the widow bent her eyes to the page, and read. It was a line from the New Testament:

"LOVE YOUR ENEMIES."

Ah, that moment was sublime! Oh, that awful Book of God! in whose dread pages we see Job talking face to face with Jeho-

vah, or Jesus waiting by Samaria's well, or wavered by the waves of dark Galilee—Oh, awful Book! shining to-night, as I speak, the light of that widow's home—the glory of the mechanic's shop—shining where the world comes not, to look on the last night of the convict in his cell, lightening the way to God, even over that dread gibbet!—Oh, Book of terrible majesty and child-like love—of sublimity that crushed the soul in awe—of beauty that melts the heart with rapture! you never show more strangely beautiful than there in that lonely cot of the Wissahikon, when you saved the murderer's life!

For—need I tell you?—that murderer's life was saved. That widow recognized the finger of God, and even the stern brother was awed into silence.

The murderer went his way.

Now look ye, how wonderful are the ways of Heaven! That very night, as the widow sat by her lonely hearth, her orphans by her side—sate there with a crushed heart and hot eyes—ball, thinking of her husband, who now lay mouldering on the blood-drenched soil of Paoli—there was a tap at the door. She opened it, and—husband, living, though covered with wounds, was in her arms! He had fallen at Paoli, but not in death. He was alive—his wife lay panting on his breast.

That night there was a prayer in that wood-embowered cot of the Wissahikon.

[From the Sunday Mercury.]

Short Patent Sermon.

BY DOW, JR.

You may find my text somewhere, in these words:

Slayer or slain, it matters not.

We struggle—perhaps—are forgot!

The earth grows green above the gone,

And the calm heaven looks sternly on.

My hearers—I don't see what we have to feel proud of. We are nothing but detached masses of common clay, possessing power of locomotion, and imbued with thought and feeling—avalanches of humanity—rolling down life's hill, with increased velocity, into the dark vale of death!—Coming generations—approaching mighty throngs with low, incessant thunder and a perfect rush like flocks of sheep or herds of buffaloes—are crowding and tumbling us by scores over the fearful precipice. Down we go, boys, with all our greatness and boasted honors! and the peasant ploughman, as he guides his share in after time among our ashes, will not pause to consider whether the heap that wert a king will grow any better potatoes than the mortal refuse of a poor penniless fool. Then my friends, of what have we to feel so almighty proud? Of a fine, noble appearance?—so may a leopard or a peacock. Of riches?—they are ours but for a day: Old ocean has them forever, and yet he behaves just as he would without them. Of reason, intellect and understanding?—they are the gifts of God, and we ought to feel ashamed of ourselves that we make no better use of them. Of superiority over all other beasts? Git out! the lion licked the unicorn in a fair fight; and then went about his business as though nothing had happened. Had one of us accomplished such a victory, we should have thrust our hands in our breeches pockets—thrown back the head—put forward the breast and belly—given a stride that would have reached half-way to Oregon—straddled pyramids—puffed out the cheeks, and let off steam, gas and wind enough for forty steamboats, as many balloons, and an extensive windmill. The matter is, we have really nothing to be proud of, but truth, honesty and justice; and these articles are so very scarce, that not one in a thousand can adjust his cravat, jerk his coat collar, and pull down his vest, with a noble consciousness of having them in his possession.

My friends—as says the text, we struggle; struggle to stem the tide of adverse fortune—struggle to get above one another—struggle to get married; and then, (too frequently!) like a couple of wrestlers, help to get each other down—struggle with the devil all through life—and, at last have a desperate struggle with Death: Foolish beings! We take Time by the coat-tail, pull back with the might of a maggot, and imagine we can hold him in his impetuous career! We strip pleasure to the skin—take her cloak, frock, bonnet, bustle and all—rob her of every charm—and then say there is no such thing as pleasure in the world! We extinguish the torch that Hope holds in her hand, and follow lightning bugs into a mud-puddle! By superlative folly, you frighten happiness from your firesides, and then say she has "left your bed and board without cause or provocation!" Thus man makes hills to tire himself with in climbing—produces darkness to grumble about—creates corners to swear at—and puts difficulties in his path in order that he may struggle with them! Well, my friends, if you can't move without first setting fire to your shirts, all I have to say is, blaze away—anything to give you a start.

My dear friends—we perish—are forgotten. Yes, we are composed of very perishing stuff. Improvements have been made upon almost everything except flesh—that, if anything, is not so liable to stand the storms and tempests of time now as it was in the days of yore. More than a medal to him who can make it time-proof!—We live hardly long enough for a man to count sixty (provided he count but one year)—and then we creep under ground—through a subterranean passage that leads to—the Lord knows where. We perish, and a monument, perchance, more enduring than human flesh, marks the spot where we rest; but that, falls like all things earthly—and then we are forgotten! Whether slayer or slain, lord or loafer, there we lie! and the children of future generations will pitch pennies, or shoot marbles upon our graves, as unconsciously as church mice make their nests with the leaves of prayer books and bibles. The earth will still grow green above us, and put forth its wonted variety of flowers, weeds, and roadstoops;—the sky will look down as serenely as ever—and the world will wag on as usual. So goes man—vain, conceited, pompous Man—a mere toy and plaything of Time—into the unfathomed depths of Eternity!—As of the tentacles that fall by the skill of the bowler, so let us say of those that are knocked down by the cudgel of Death—Set 'em up again! So mote it be!

THE WAY SHE FIXED HIM. If there is a real difficult point to be managed, and cuteness is required to effect it, commend us to woman's wit for the purpose.

Now there was a certain pedlar of tin ware, who traversed the city to dispose of notions to such as were willing to bargain. He was a persevering trader, and never suffered himself to be bluffed off with a short answer. One house, in particular, he continued to visit, in spite of continued rebuffs and assurances that nothing was wanted—they never bought goods in that way. Nevertheless he made his calls steadily, with each regular round, until he became a regular pest—and in reply to the information that it was useless to call, he made known his purpose to do so, just as often as he pleased.

One bitter cold day, the house bell rang, and the good lady made all haste to get her hands

from the dough in which they were busy, to answer the call. When she went, there stood the everlasting pedlar.

"Any tin ware wanting to-day, ma'am?"

"Have you any tin kettles?"

"Yes, ma'am," and away he went to bring samples, chucking at the idea that his zeal was to be successful at last. "There's nothin'," muttered he, "like hangin' on, anyhow." The tin kettles were brought, and tin pans were next inquired for. The pans were brought, and other articles enumerated, to the number of seven different kinds, until a goodly portion of the pedlar's load had been transferred to the house.

"Is there any thing more that you want, ma'am?"

"O no—I don't want any of these. I only asked you if you had them—I didn't say I wanted them."

The pedlar was fairly "sold," and for a moment he felt like getting angry—but the idea rather tickled him, and he commenced returning his wares to his cart, without uttering a word. He then mounted and rode off, satisfied that for once a tin pedlar had met his match. He has never called at that house, since.—[Boston Star.

PERISTALTIC LOZENGES.

An approved remedy for Constipation and Dyspepsia. Recommended by the most distinguished Medical Faculty, who every day prescribe them to their patients and use them in their families.

THIS inestimable medicine has been before the public for more than eight years. The sales have quadrupled within two years, and are constantly increasing, the best proof of their efficacy.

They are without a rival for the cure of Indigestion of Dyspepsia, Headache (nervous or acute), Liver Complaint, Constipation, Bilious Attacks, Colic, Dropsies, Jaundice, Flatulence, Oppression after eating, Weak Stomach, Debility, Loss of Spirits, Chronic Diarrhoea or Suppression, Morbidity of Green Sickness, &c., &c. In all female obstructions they are safe and effective. Hundreds of ladies in this city and Boston have used them, with the advice of their family physicians, and have been cured.

Salem, Jan. 10, 1844.—The undersigned having used Harrison's Peristaltic Lozenges in Dyspepsia and kindred complaints, have proved them a very useful and excellent remedy. We cheerfully recommend them to all suffering from Dyspepsia or Constipation. The Peristaltics are very extensively used in this region, and are every day prescribed by the first physicians in the place.

BENJ. P. CHAMBERLAIN, JOSEPH ADAMS.

A sure, safe, and cheap cure for Piles. Mr. Harrison—Having given your Peristaltic Lozenges and Pile Remedy a fair trial, I have the satisfaction to inform you that they have operated wonderfully in my case.

I had not been able for months to do any work at my trade, owing to excruciating hemorrhoids, but I now feel myself cured. The severe pain which I had in my stomach is gone, and my strength is fast returning. I had used various remedies to no purpose, until I tried your medicine. I can also state that Capt. Benj. Chamberlain, of the town of Lynn, Sept. 27, 1844.

Both of these medicines are for sale by J. E. LADD, August, and S. ADAMS, Hallowell.

New England Truss Manufactory, Boston, Mass.

JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER continues to manufacture all the various improved Trusses, at his old stand, No. 305 Washington street, opposite No. 264, entrance in Temple Avenue, Boston, where he has been engaged for the last ten years—and residence and business being in the same building, he can be seen at home nearly the whole of the time, day or evening. He has more room and better conveniences for the truss business than any other person engaged in it in this city or any other.

Also—Abdominal Supporters for Protruding Uterus—Trusses for Protruding Anus—Suspensory Bands, Knee Caps, Back Bands, Stretched Shoes for Corned Feet. Trusses repaired at one hour's notice, and made to answer, often times, as well as new. The subscriber having worn a truss himself for the last twenty-five years, and fitted so many for the last ten years, feels confident in being able to suit all cases that may come to him.

Convex Spinal Trusses—Dr. Chalmers's Trusses, formerly sold by Dr. Leech—Trusses of galvanic metal that will not rust, having wood and copper pads—the Spiral Truss—Steele's Truss—Solomon's Belt—Bates's Truss—Steele's patent French do.—Batesman's do.—double and single—Stone's Trusses—also, Trusses for Children, of all sizes. Dr. Fletcher's Truss—Marshall's Truss—Dr. Hall's Truss—Thompson's Truss—Bates's Truss—Shaker's Truss—Rocking Trusses—may be had at the establishment. Whispering Tubes and Ear Trumpets, that will enable a person to converse with one that is hard of hearing.

The undersigned has a large stock of Trusses, waited on by his wife, Mrs. CAROLINE D. FOSTER, who has had ten years' experience in the business.

Certificates.

(From T. Gordon, M. D.) Mr. James F. Foster, manufacturer of trusses, of Boston, Mass., from whom I have seen of his trusses, and from the circumstance of his being supplied several thousand persons in Massachusetts and other parts of the country with an article that I think is well calculated to answer the designs of the inventor, I have no hesitation in recommending his truss to the public; and I believe him to possess the ability of adapting trusses to any case that may be presented to him.

T. GORDON, M. D. Plymouth, September 1, 1845.

I hereby certify that I have for several years past been in the use of Foster's Truss for Inginal Hernia, and find it to answer every desirable purpose, and consider it far preferable to any other which I have employed.

JAMES TRACER, M. D., Plymouth, Mass.

Mr. James F. Foster having for many years given his attention to the manufacture of trusses, and fitting them to the particular cases of individuals who call on him, and having furnished trusses for more than 300 persons in Plymouth County, is hereby recommended to all who need trusses, supporters, &c., as ingenious in contrivance, and skillful in adapting them to all varieties of cases that occur, and is believed to have given general satisfaction to all who have employed him. ANTHONY COLLAMORE, M. D.

(From Dr. J. C. Warren.) Having had occasion to observe that some persons afflicted with Hernia, have obtained relief by wearing a skillful workman in accommodating trusses to the peculiarities of their cases, I have taken pains to inform myself of the competency of Mr. J. F. Foster to supply the deficiency occasioned by the death of Mr. Beal. After some months of observation of his work, I am satisfied that Mr. Foster is well acquainted with the manufacture of these instruments, and ingenious in accommodating them to the variety of cases which occur. I feel myself called upon to recommend him to my professional brethren, and to the public, as a person well fitted to supply their wants in regard to these important articles.

JOHN C. WARREN, M. D., Boston.

From Dr. Robbins. Boston.—Since the death of Mr. John Beal, I have used, in preference to all other trusses, those made by Mr. J. F. Foster, of Boston. 6M45

Peters & Goldthwait's

Fashionable Tailoring Establishment, Corner of Bridge and Water Streets, Augusta, Maine.

Lancey & Shattuck,

Dealers in English, French, German and American Dry Goods, No. 2, Bridge Block, Water-st. opposite the bridge, August.

Sands' Sarsaparilla.

A NEW LOT of this deservedly popular medicine for sale at Agents' prices by J. COPREN & BLANCHFORD, At No. 9, Bridge Block, above the bridge. 6W2

LOST.

LADY'S BREAST PIN, red stone, large size.—The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at the Hardware store of H. W. FAIRBANKS. Jan. 6, 1846.

H. W. FAIRBANKS,

Importer of Hardware and Saddlery Goods, and wholesale and retail dealer in Iron and Steel, No. 4, Phenix Buildings, Water-street, Augusta, Me.

CAMPBELL LAMP WICKS, for sale by

DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB.

FRUIT.

BOX Raisins, and one-fourth and one half do. Blue and black, and black raisins. Cakes by the case or retail. Apples, cranberries, &c., &c. U. L. PETTINGILL & CO.

DALLEY'S PAINT EXTRACTOR.—H. J. SELDEN & CO.,

wholesale and retail agents, at Fallowell, Me. Jan. 27, 1846.

Copper and Brass Founder,

A few doors South of Market Square, Augusta, Me.

THE subscriber informs the public that he continues to manufacture

Copper and Brass Work,

Of every description, viz: Copper Heaters for Tanneries, Steam Pipes, Clothiers, Hatters and Drapers' Kettles, Wash and Brick Work Boilers, Section Pumps, Gutters and Tanks, &c., &c. Also Brass Castings of every description, and Plumbing generally. All the above will be furnished at short notice at Boston prices, and in the best manner. He returns thanks for past favors, and begs to express his willingness to accept of patronage from those